

M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

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A World of Love at Home.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With his blue curling waves;
Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath the dashing foam,
Lives there a treasure equaling
A world of love at home!

True sterling happiness and joy
Are not with gold allied,
Nor can it yield a pleasure like
A merry friend.

Lonely not the man who dwells
In stately hall or dome,
If 'mid his splendor he hath not
A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere,
'Tis they alone can bring,
A sure relief to hearts that droop
'Neath sorrow's heavy wing.
Though care and trouble may be mine,
As down life's path I roam,
I'll heed them not while still I have
A world of love at home.

From the Masonic Review.

THE MASON'S WIDOW.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Conclusion.)

His wife had felt the blow as keenly as her husband. Her proud and imperious nature had nobly braved adversity; and though reluctant to yield, when the storm came she bent like a reed to the blast, and confessed herself poor. It was hard to give up that beautiful and cherished home, the splendid furniture, the carriage, the servants—yet all must go, and all did go. She loved her husband and her children—oh, who can tell how a mother's heart clings to her children! Her pride was subdued, her heart melted into a chastened submission, and with her unfortunate yet noble husband, and her deeply cherished household treasures, she consented willingly to assume the garb and endure the toils consequent upon their reverses.

Encouraged by fraternal counsels, and with some assistance from fraternal hands, Mr. P. once more entered into a small business, hoping, by the blessing of that Providence in whom he had been taught to confide, to retrieve his broken fortunes and make provision for his family. He soon, however, found that his efforts would be of no avail. With his limited means he could not compete in business with wealthier rivals; and though all believed him honest, yet the prestige of his past misfortunes weighed him to the earth. It was of no use to struggle; a year or two of efforts left him as far from success as at the beginning, with less of youth and vigor and courage as his only capital.

In this dilemma he summoned a few of his masonic brethren around him, and solicited their advice. They all agreed that further efforts, there, was useless, and though reluctant to part with him, advised his removal to a locality where fewer obstacles would be in his way, and where a new field for enterprise would call forth renewed exertions to succeed. These friends—brethren—interested themselves in his behalf; an opening for business was soon found, and with a certificate of good standing from his Lodge, and a small sum to begin business with, kindly loaned him for three years, without interest by those who had known him so long and loved him so well, he bade adieu to the past and took his departure for his new home.

Mrs. P. had witnessed these manifestations of friendship by her husband's associates, but knew not the cause which prompted them. She felt that they were "friends in need," and her grateful heart swelled with emotions too big for utterance when she bade them farewell.

Mr. P. settled down in his new home, and, with the little capital that fraternal kindness had furnished, commenced his old business. He found but little competition, and he set to work with untiring industry, determined if possible to recover at least a portion of his losses, and be prepared, at the appointed time, to restore the loan which generous hearts and brotherly hands had kindly furnished him. His wife joined in his efforts, and encouraged him in his labors. He found a Lodge in the place, composed of the most worthy and respectable citizens, and immediately united with them in membership. One or two of his former brethren, being acquainted with some leading members of this Lodge, had privately written to them, bespeaking for the strange brother their patronage and influence. This was sufficient. A new circle of warm hearts gathered around him, greeted his family with kind attentions, and, as occasion offered, threw in his way opportunities for business. Mrs. P. noticed with surprise this sudden friendship, and these unexpected and unlooked for friends; but, knowing her former prejudices, the source was carefully concealed from her. At one time a slight suspicion crossed her mind, but remembering her husband's apparent acquiescence in her wishes, and chastened and subdued as her heart now was by misfortune, she did not deem it worth a moment's reflection.

Three years passed away. Business had increased, and Mr. P. was enabled to repay the generous loan of his brethren. He also tendered them interest, but it was declined. He was now encouraged to continue his efforts, for the dark clouds were breaking away from around him, and he looked forward to brighter and happier years. Mrs. P. shared in his happiness: their little cottage was the home of comfort, and their three children were growing up to cheer and bless them in advancing years.

Another prosperous year succeeded. Mr. P. had purchased a beautiful spot of ground and erected a comfortable house upon it. On the rear of the lot he had built a small establishment in which to carry on his business, and he felt that he was once more happy. But God seeth not as man seeth: in the midst of brightening days, a darker cloud overspread the heavens, and deeper sorrows were in store for those who had already suffered so much.

Mr. P. had paid one thousand dollars for his lot, and for the small buildings erected on it, but as yet he had no surplus. His business, however, was fair, and his credit was sufficient to enable him to carry it on. At this juncture a notice was served on him that a prior claim was against the ground of some six or seven hundred dollars—a judgment against a former owner, recovered before the purchase, being still unsatisfied. This blow fell with crushing weight upon his heart. He could not avoid the lien, and to pay that additional sum was beyond his power. Like the worn and worried sailor after a stormy cruise, he was just in sight of land, and then driven out to sea again. The stroke was heavier than he could bear, his heart and hopes both died together, and in one week he was in the grave.

I may not attempt to picture the distress of that stricken widow and those orphaned children. The husband and the father who had, for them, so nobly braved life's battles, was sleeping his last long sleep. The grave had closed over him, and their joys were entombed beside him.

Weeks and months passed on. That widow's heart was still wrung with grief, and the future for herself and her orphans was lit by no ray of light. The business of her late husband was still continued; for the misfortunes of other years had induced her to become so familiar with it as to enable her, with the assistance of a foreman, to manage it successfully. But the old lien was revived by a heartless creditor, and an order of sale was about to issue. This would sweep her home away, destroy her business, and drive her out once more, with her little ones, to the charity of a world that seldom feels as it ought for the poor and the friendless. But three days were left before the order of court would be executed. Distress and anxiety seemed to have paralyzed her efforts, and for more than a month she had not even visited the grave where her cherished one lay, to weep bitter tears for the treasure she had lost.

The day before the sale was to take place, she had prepared her children for school as usual, and they had gone to their tasks. With a sad heart the widowed mother took her basket to go out and purchase the needed provisions for the family. As was her custom, she left the door unlocked, not fearing that any one would disturb her home of sorrow; and she little suspected that an angel might visit it in her absence.

The previous night an emergent Lodge had been held in the village. Every member had been notified, for work was to be done—noble work, such as angels love, and on which God looks with approving smiles. The brethren assembled, and the Master stated that he had convened them to consult what could be done for the widow of Bro. P. Unseen they had watched over that widow and her children; unknown to her they had marked his grave with a stone bearing the insignia of the Craft; unknown to her they had watched with anxious eye the legal proceedings which were about to wrest from her a home and the means of support. A letter had been dispatched to the parent Lodge of the deceased, and a reply that day came to hand, enclosing a check for three hundred dollars, the contributions of his earlier friends. "And now, what shall we do?" enquired the generous-hearted Master. A subscription was started, and in a few minutes the remainder of the needed sum was raised, and promptly paid down; and the Master was deputed to go the next morning, pay off the judgment and costs, and secure the property for the widow and children. It was done. The judgment and costs were satisfied; a receipt was taken; and while that widow, burdened with sorrow, was absent purchasing food for her children, the brother called at her house with the receipt. Not finding her at home, he walked in, laid it upon the table, and retired.

On the return of Mrs. P. she observed a paper upon the table, and knew at once that other hands than hers had placed it there. Taking it up and glancing hastily over it, she at once discovered its character. For a moment she stood as if transfixed to the spot. Her thoughts went back over the dark and troubled road she had traveled, and then recurred to the yet darker future that, till now, had risen before her. Her mind became bewildered; her head grew dizzy, and she sank into a chair and swooned away.

Like a portentous thunder cloud, that for a while seems to threaten ruin to all within its reach, and then rolls murmuring away to be succeeded by a brighter sunshine, so rolled the burden from the heart of that widowed mother. She felt that some unknown hand had brought relief at the moment of her deepest disquietude; her heart dissolved in tears, and she wept like an infant for very joy.

But who was that unseen—unknown—unexpected friend, who had thus cared for the widowed stranger and her orphans? The first impulse of her grateful and pious heart, was to attribute it to the direct interposition of a kind and watchful Providence; but she remembered that God works by instrumentalities. Yet what angel in human form had been sent with this boon from heaven? Between her gratitude to the giver, and her anxiety to know and thank him, she scarce knew what to do. At length her mind grew calm, reason resumed its throne, and a deep sense of her obligations to a higher power suggested the course of duty. She must thank her Maker, first; and where so fitting a place as at the grave of her buried husband.

The "place of graves" was but a short distance from her house, and forgetful of every thing else, with the paper whose source was such a mystery, still grasped in her hand, she hurried to the sacred spot. It was an elevated piece of ground in the outskirts of the village, beautifully ornamented with trees and shrubbery. Beneath the spreading branches of a stately elm, was her husband's grave. As she approached it she discovered a change since she visited it last. A plain white marble stone stood at its head, on which was chiseled the name and age of the deceased. But more than this, above his name she discovered the mystic implements of the Craft—that Craft which, in former years, she had much abhorred. The truth at once flashed upon her mind. Her husband, unknown to her, had been a Mason, and fraternal hearts had reared this memento of their affection for a brother who had passed away! Another thought followed, as though an angel had whispered it to her heart—these same despised brethren had redeemed her loved home from the grasp of avarice, and saved her, and those she loved better than life, from starvation and beggary! These strange thoughts crowded upon her mind like flashing gleams of sunshine through the rent and parting clouds. She believed—she felt that these surmises were true; and falling upon her knees, with clasped hands, she lifted her streaming eyes to heaven and poured out her acknowledgments in the ears of Him who had prompted the deeds of love.

Mrs. P. lived again. She pressed her children to her throbbing bosom and told them the names of those who had been her only earthly friends when all else had seemed banded against her. She continued the business of her late husband, encouraged and counseled by true friends, until the son became old enough to relieve her from the burden. There were happy hearts in that cottage now, and plenty and competence crowned the evening of that widow's life.

After her decease, a brief note of the foregoing history was found written upon the fly-leaves of her family Bible; and at the close was this commentary, in her own hand writing: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this:—To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

She never forgot her newly-discovered friends, but made them her counselors after afterwards. Her prejudices against Masonry, too, vanished like the mists of the morning, and she carefully instilled into the minds of her children a reverence for that Institution which could furnish her friends when friends were few, and most needed.

Reader, do you ask—"is this story true, or mere fiction?" The principal features of it are substantially true, and the minor portions are of little importance—like shadings upon a picture.—The main facts occurred but a few years since, and they constitute a beautiful exemplification of genuine Freemasonry.

A FAIR RETORT.—A correspondent of the Home Journal in a notice of a wedding he had recently attended, gives an amusing account of the discomfiture of a beau, in an attempt to get the upper hand of a young girl, whom, from her downcast eyes, and unpresuming demeanor, he doubtless thought a fair butt for his shafts of wit.

"Do you know what I was thinking of all the time during the ceremony?" asked he.
"No sir; what?"
"Why, I was blessing my stars that I was not the bridegroom."
"And I suppose the bride was doing the same thing?" rejoined his fair antagonist.

The Bonaparte Family.

Mr. Powers, the American sculptor, has a copy in bronze of the east of Napoleon's head, made by his physician, Antomarchi, immediately after his death. From the clay of some rich Etruscan vases, broken up for the purpose, there being no suitable earth at St. Helena. Only enough copies were made to supply the several members of the Bonaparte family. This one was presented by the late Queen Caroline of Naples, sister of Napoleon and wife of Murat—to her favorite English physician, Dr. Playfair, who gave it to the present owner, with the medal struck in honor of Dr. Antomarchi, and Napoleon's autograph. The somber bronze head speaks a moral lesson to the beholder, who, recognizing in it the features of the self-willed original, sees also that the shadow of disappointment has passed over them, and been fixed there by the iron stamp of death. At the touch of a small hammer, the hollow metal sends out a melancholy toll that seems verily the knell of fallen ambition. Mr. Powers has also the original model of a bust, by our late countrymen, Clavenger, of Louis Bonaparte, father of the present Emperor of France, whose decided resemblance to his predecessor this scandalous touch of his parentage.

After the fall of the Bonaparte dynasty, this first Louis, who married Josephine's daughter, Hortense, lived at Florence, occupying the old palace now known as the hotel d'Italie. This palace, by-the-by, has been especially favored by royalty. A few years since, when the Emperor of Russia visited Florence, he took possession of the whole immense edifice for himself and suite, the hotel being broken up for their accommodation. Here his despotic majesty graciously condescended to receive the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whom he further honored by giving him a dinner at the Pitti palace. The Autocrat of the Russians could not accept such a courtesy from an inferior sovereign; though the idea of using the Grand Duke's own palace to honor him in, is at least amusing. During this sojourn of the Emperor here, the Prince and his two sons availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the studio of our sculptor.

Footprints of the Bonapartes—as of the Medici—are found everywhere in Tuscany. King Joseph resided here, after quitting his elegant retirement at Bordentown, New Jersey, until his death, and was buried with his wife and daughter Charlotte, in their family chapel at the Santa Croce church. Jerome, father of the young Prince Napoleon, and of the princess Matilde, also occupied for four years a palace in the via Larga, and here married his daughter to the plebeian Prince Demoff, after having squandered \$5,000,000 amassed while he was King of Westphalia. The son by his first wife, Miss Patterson of Baltimore—from whom the Emperor Napoleon obliged him to be divorced—has recently become a naturalized citizen of France, and may in time, fulfill the ambitious desires of his mother, now also said to be in Paris, by succeeding his uncle to the throne, since his step-brother, as yet the only heir apparent, has joined the army, and may become a victim to the present war.

Should America give France her next Emperor, it would not be more strange than that Louis Napoleon, the once exile in the United States, and twice inmate of the Tombs at New York, should now be reigning. If, however, his hitherto unacknowledged nephew has inherited the Napoleon will and tact, why should he not achieve his own way to the Napoleon throne? His uncle's adoption of the title *parens* conquered its opprobrium, and has given it a certain heroism which secures its popularity; as the acceptance of *Old Hickory* and *Hard Cider* defame by the several pariahs of Generals Jackson and Harrison, turned reproach into fame, and helped elect them to the Presidency.—*Correspondent of the Newark Advertiser.*

LAW OF COMPENSATION.—Human labor, through all its forms, says Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay on Compensation, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe.—Everywhere and always this law is subtle. The absolute balance of give and take, the doctrine that everything has its price and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is to be obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature.

HEART WORK.—We are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and, what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—*Sydney Smith.*

This life is too short for the indulgence of many hopes, the chasing of bubbles, or the seeking after riches which may take to themselves wings.
Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thred or a twine, next a cord or a rope, finally a cable; and then who can break it?

Gen. Jackson's Victory at New Orleans.

The following account of Jackson's movements at New Orleans we copy from the January number of *Harper's Magazine*.

When Jackson returned to Mobile he found urgent messages awaiting him, with invitations to a new and more glorious field of action. When, in the spring of 1814, the great allied armies of Europe approached Paris in triumph, the Emperors of Russia and Prussia entered that city, and Napoleon retired to Elba, the peace of the Continent seemed secure, and many British troops were withdrawn. Almost twelve thousand of them, chiefly veterans who had served under Wellington in the Peninsula, were borne by a British fleet to the Gulf of Mexico; and toward the close of the year approached the waters near New Orleans. They were commanded by the experienced Sir Edward Pakenham, who felt certain of an easy conquest of that city and of the entire southwest portion of our republic. It was this imminent danger that caused messengers to speed to Mobile and urge Jackson to hasten to the defense of the apparently doomed city. It was a theatre of duty precisely suited to his desires and his genius, and he promptly obeyed the summons of Governor Claiborne and others.

He found the people in a state of great alarm, without an adequate military force to avert the blow. His presence inspired courage, yet the co-operation of the civil authorities were to weak for the emergency. Without hesitation, he took all power into his own hands—declared the city and vicinity under martial law, and then bent all his energies to the task of gathering an army and the preparation of defenses. Before the close of December, he had completed a line of intrenchments, a mile in length, from the bank of the Mississippi, four miles below the city, to a dense cypress swamp, and had organized an army of full five thousand men. He had over two thousand Kentuckians, twenty-five hundred Tennesseeans, Louisiana militia, Mississippi dragoons, and a brigade of mounted men under General Coffee.

The British fleet entered Lake Borgne, and captured a flotilla of American gunboats; and on the 23d of December, twenty-five hundred British troops landed and took post on the Mississippi, nine miles below New Orleans. On the following evening, a strong party of Americans, led by Jackson in person, attacked the invaders, and killed and wounded about four hundred of them, but were repulsed with a loss of more than one hundred of their own number. Jackson, then fell back to his intrenchments, which on two occasions afterward, suffered severe cannonading by the enemy.

On the morning of the memorable 8th of January, 1815, General Pakenham advanced toward the American lines, at the head of nine thousand men, leaving a reserve of three thousand at his camp. Jackson had now about six thousand expert marksmen behind his entrenchments or stationed at the several batteries on his extended line; but not more than three thousand of them were well supplied with arms. All was silence along those breastworks until the British had approached within heavy gun-shot of the batteries when a signal was given, and a terrible cannonade was opened upon them. Undaunted by the havoc made, the veterans steadily advanced until within range of the American rifles, when volley after volley poured a deadly storm of lead upon the invaders. The British line began to waver. Then Pakenham fell, mortally wounded, and the entire army fled in dismay.

They left seven hundred dead, and more than a thousand wounded, upon the field; while the Americans had only seven killed and six wounded! The enemy retreated to their camp and then to their shipping, and escaped. Had promised supplies of arms reached Jackson in time the whole British force might have been captured.

The victory at New Orleans was thorough and complete. It was the crowning act of the second war of Independence; for already commissioners of the two Governments had signed a treaty of peace. The Key City of the South was saved in its hour of peril—Pakenham's significant watchword, *Booby and Beauty*, became the point for ridicule—and when, twelve days afterward, Jackson entered the town with his victorious army, he was hailed as a LIBERATOR!

BURSTING OF A MOUNTAIN—PROSPECT OF A VOLCANO IN ARKANSAS.—We learn from a gentleman in Scott county, that a mountain, about nine miles from Walden, has exploded three times during the last week. The explosions were very loud and terrific, causing the earth around to quake, throwing up stones and earth, and filling the atmosphere with clouds of dust and smoke. The report of one of the explosions was heard in the vicinity of this town a few mornings since a distance of 40 or 50 miles. The earth on the mountain has sunk to a considerable depth. The people in the vicinity are very much alarmed. These are the facts as far as we are able to learn; but we hope to hear more fully and particularly in a few days. What does it mean? Are we to have a volcano in our State, belching forth fire and smoke, and hurling forth red hot stones in the atmosphere, and filling the valleys around with melted lava?—*Fort Smith Herald, Dec. 16.*

Moral and religious education is the one living fountain which must water every part of the social garden, or its beauty withers and fades away.